

## Ride the Wave

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## Ride the Wave

by [isntitcrazy](#)

### Summary

“A lot of things.” George grinned with matching mischief. “A lot of things I want you to do to me, too.”

“Is that so?” Dream planted two hands on his surfboard, leaning over so their faces nearly touched. “Name one.”

Dream likes to ride waves. George likes to ride Dream.

### Notes

oh my god I saw some Very Good art by @/razexdee on instagram and I couldn't not completely lose it at the idea of surfer Dream and lifeguard George like come on anyways now this exists please enjoy it :]

also I live somewhere where I literally have classmates who are lifeguards and I have no idea how it works

i'm not much of a beach person lol, forgive me if you catch any inaccuracies

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

When George decided to go to school in Miami, he almost expected to hate it.

The beaches in England were never very good, so he had spent the first 18 years of his life convinced that he *hated* the beach. And when he committed to a school in Miami, Florida of all places, his friends didn't hesitate to laugh at him.

George, the self-proclaimed beach-hater, was going to move someplace known for its beaches. He insisted that he just liked the school—the campus was nice, even with the close proximity to the water.

And he kinda really wanted to get as far away from home as possible. Independence, and all that.

So it's safe to say that George was *not* expecting to be a lifeguard. He knew he'd need a job to help pay to stay there (especially in the summer, because he decided that he didn't want to go back to England then) but he was expecting something different. Like, anything different.

Front desk at one of the five million hotels on Miami beach, barista at one of the six billion Starbucks, waiter at any of the overpriced restaurants packed with hopeless tourists. He did not expect to be sitting at the top of the lifeguard tower in red swim trunks.

But here he was. Summer after his freshman year of college, lifeguard on Miami beach.

Apparently, it was a very competitive position. But George—who learned very quickly that he was actually a beach lover—had totally aced his interview and got the position, much to the dismay of the other applicants.

Some guy who George's coworkers called Sapnap actually threatened George over it. Him and his stupid bandana showed up to the beach on George's first day (first day after training) and did everything but spit in his face.

He said George was too scrawny to be a lifeguard, and that *he* was better suited for the job. When George responded, the guy acted surprised to hear his accent. Being from England was only fuel to his pathetically jealous fire, something about how UK beaches sucked. He was right, and George told him so. Somehow, that made him angrier.

The head lifeguard told Sapnap to get lost, and he did. George didn't pay him much mind, even though he sent the brunet dirty looks every time he was on the beach.

But George liked being a lifeguard. He had been part-time through the school year when the beaches were significantly emptier. He was grateful to learn with less populated waters—it helped ease him into it.

Summer was a tad overwhelming. More people, more tourists, and George was officially full-time. He had dragged a decent number of people out of the water, performed (hands-only) CPR a few too many times, and treated more jellyfish stings than he had expected to in less than a month.

All in all, George learned that people were stupid. But hey, without idiots, George probably wouldn't have a job.

Without his job, not only would George not have money—he wouldn't have any cute, college-aged boys to stare at on his breaks. He kept his very-not-straight gazing exclusive to his off-time, as when he was working, his attention was more than a little bit required.

And he was taking a break with his coworker and roommate Karl when he saw what had to be the most attractive guy he had seen all summer. Probably in his entire life, actually. That sounded like an exaggeration—even to George—but he fucking meant it.

Blond, obviously sunburnt, and wearing swim trunks that were maybe, *maybe* just a little too short. He was hot, and George was fucking awestruck.

He was very obviously staring. Karl even waved a hand in front of his face, halfway through a sentence when he noticed the lost look in his friend's eyes. He followed George's gaze until it landed on the object of his interest, giggling quietly to himself when he found it.

The blond was polishing his surfboard. And he was practically *glowing* in the sun, a really, *really* cute look of concentration on his already attractive face.

Karl's hand did nothing to call George's attention back. When he turned away from the blond and his surfboard, he noticed George's mouth had fallen open.

Karl flicked his forehead, making the brunet wince.

“Ow!”

“You’re staring,” Karl teased, tone lilted with a smile.

“I am not!”

“You’re so obvious, Gogy.”

“Whatever.” George rolled his eyes. “My break’s over, anyways.”

“Don’t be distracted on the job!”

George didn’t respond to that, only went back to his tower and climbed up to the seat. He was *not* distracted on the job, not yet at least, because he was looking at the water and not over where the surfers hung out.

He wasn’t distracted until that same guy was in the water, now dressed in a wetsuit that was presumably the cause of all his tan lines.

George was almost mad at how good he looked. He looked better when his hair got all wet from the waves, which was *unfair* considering how George looked like a fucking wet rat when he got out of the water. He had found that most people did, but it was so untrue for this guy. This guy and his stupid, *stupid* levels of attractiveness.

It was totally ridiculous.

When George’s shift ended, Karl teased him relentlessly on the walk back to their shared apartment. George only walked next to him with his arms crossed in annoyance, not really paying attention to anything his friend was saying.

Which was all deliberate and out of annoyance. Not because he was thinking about how hot that guy was, no way.

And once George had noticed the blond, he couldn't stop seeing him on the beach. Maybe he'd been there for the first two weeks of summer, too, but George wouldn't know. All he knew was that he was practically haunting him.

Polishing his board, surfing, or even just hanging out at the beach. He was *always* there. He hung out with the annoying bandana-wearing guy, who George had learned was *also* a surfer, but he noticed that Sapnap fell off his board a lot more than his friend.

(George also kept noticing Karl staring at the raven, but that was neither here nor there).

And George knew that the blond drove an old-school Volkswagen van—big enough to pack too many people into and make too much noise—painted light green in an amateurish yet endearing way. He had too many bumper stickers on it. George's favorite was the dumb smiley face.

The guy seemed to like smiley faces. One time when George had passed his van in the parking lot, he was loading his board up on the roof, wetsuit pulled off his upper body so his entire chest was exposed. George noticed a necklace on him, black string with a crude smiley pendant hanging off the end.

He probably wouldn't have noticed it if he wasn't staring obviously at his chest, but he looked so *good*. And when he stretched to get his board on the roof, he was all long arms and long torso, still dripping wet from the waves, water running from his hair down his neck and those sinewy muscles. And the sun was in just the right spot to make his hair glow in sweet golden hour.

Karl had to hit George on the arm to snap him out of it.

The next time George saw him outside his van, he was leaning on the passenger's side and holding the poor smiley between his teeth. He only looked very, *very* hot, eyebrows furrowed in the cute concentration while he typed furiously on his phone.

George wondered if he'd caught all his staring. Or even just some of it, that would be damning enough. Seeing how often George cast the blond glances, it almost seemed impossible he *hadn't* caught it.

George spent two weeks practically eye-fucking the stranger. He didn't even know his name for Christ's sake, all he knew was that he wanted something from him. Maybe it was selfish, but it wasn't weird unless he infringed on the guy's boundaries. Longing glances from twenty feet away weren't doing anything but boosting his ego—and that was only if he noticed.

Karl was very insistent that he had noticed. On what George knew to be the first day of the fifth week of summer, Karl convinced him to finally talk to the guy. He was over polishing his surfboard again, all alone and without Sapnap—who was still obnoxious and half out to get George.

George resisted the urge to tease Karl about the petty raven. He felt the presence of the jokes in his throat when he swallowed them, thick and uncharacteristic. And when his shift ended, he intended to heed Karl's advice.

He had gotten a tad impatient with himself. And it was too hot and too windy on the beach that day, somehow making it emptier than usual. Karl had proposed that more people chose their hotel pools to cool off, not wanting to deal with the sand that would inevitably blow into their eyes and get everywhere.

So the blond was more alone than he usually was, polishing the bottom of his surfboard for the

fourth time in the past seven days. George didn't know if that was excessive or not, he wasn't a surfer—and he didn't pay enough attention to any other surfers to have a benchmark.

"Come on, Gogy," Karl complained, shoving George lightly by the shoulder. "You said you'd talk to him, just go."

George fiddled with the whistle around his neck, digging a nail into the thin hole on the back. "I know."

"You seemed excited like an hour ago." Karl shoved George hard enough to make him stumble, bare feet slipping against sand.

George shot his friend a death glare over his shoulder. "Shut up."

"Now's your chance."

His tone was sing-songy and annoying, enough to make George walk away. He could hear Karl laughing behind him, but there wasn't enough time to be annoyed—George had to put on the best face he could before he got close enough for the guy to realize he was approaching *him*, and it felt too close to that now.

And George was right. He hadn't been walking for nearly enough time before he was standing in front of the blond in question, fingers still fiddling with the whistle on his neck. The surfer looked up at him, pausing in his polishing to cast George a confused glance, eyebrows furrowed cutely.

"Sorry." *Oh god, even his voice was attractive.* "Do I need to leave?"

George could already feel himself stuttering and he hadn't even opened his mouth yet. He didn't process any of the words until a moment later, realizing quickly that he was probably thrown by the fact that George was still technically in uniform.

They stood still and stared at each other, the blond's expression growing more confused by the second. He hadn't resumed his polishing job, but he hadn't made any moves to leave, either.

"No," George said, finally. "Sorry, I'm not even working right now. I just..." *wanted to talk?*

"Thank god." The surfer laughed, face melting into something more casual. "I was a little worried, there. Though I wasn't sure what I was doing wrong."

George smiled, returning the laugh and dropping his whistle from his hands. The metal was cold against his bare chest, and when he crossed his arms he only pressed it harder into his skin.

George swallowed, eyes glancing down at the sand for a moment. He caught a glance at the blond's discarded things—his neatly folded wetsuit, the flip flops covered in sand, a spare to whatever polish he was using.

When he looked back up at his face, he had stopped polishing all together, standing straight up and twisting his necklace between his fingers. Every word felt harder to say than it ever had, but George choked them out.

"What's your name?"

He smiled. "Dream."

*Of fucking course.* George wasn't sure whether to ask if that was his real name, but he didn't want

to be pushy. He hung out with a guy called *Sapnap* for christ's sake, maybe they were just weird nickname people.

In all his wondering, George managed to barely think before he spoke, spitting every word out without his usual filter.

“You *are* pretty dreamy.”

Dream grinned, side-cocked and utterly arrogant. He twisted that dumb necklace around his neck, putting it between his teeth like he had by his van that one time.

“Oh yeah?”

It was then that George finally processed what he'd said. He felt his face flush pink, mind practically screaming at him to look away. Or run away. Or anything.

But Dream's face demanded George's eyes. They were close enough now for George to see all the freckles on his nose and cheeks, and his shoulders and his chest, light brown against the pink tint of his sun-exposed skin.

“Um,” George sputtered. “Yeah.”

Dream laughed properly, the smiley charm falling back against his chest. “Well, cutie, what's *your* name?”

*Cutie?* “George,” he said, the nickname filling him with foreign confidence. “But you can keep calling me cute if you'd like.”

“You're pretty bold.”

George shrugged. “I'm not usually. Must have something to do with you.”

Dream's smirk somehow got more arrogant. George would be the first to admit it looked good on him—he suited a self-centered nature, even if it tended to be annoying. George didn't think it'd be annoying on Dream, though, as something about being that hot gave him a free pass to be a dick.

To an extent. His dick privileges didn't extend far beyond annoying remarks that might get him punched if his face weren't so pretty.

“I'm flattered,” Dream said, flicking the rag in his hand over his shoulder. “Where are you from, darling? Your accent's cute.”

“England.”

Dream hummed in understanding, casting a glance at the parking lot in the distance. “Figures.”

“How old are you?” George asked suddenly, the question completely out of nowhere. Dream seemed to agree, giving the brunet a confused look.

“How old am I?” When George nodded in confirmation, Dream chuckled. “Nineteen.”

“Good. Same.”

“Well, you have to be eighteen to even get a job on the beach, so I figured.”

George rolled his eyes. “Shut up.”

“Why do you even want my age, anyways?” Dream narrowed his eyes accusingly, but everything about the look was playful. “Is there something you want to do to me?”

George considered a joke, something about a court of law and being tried as an adult—but when the ridiculously hot surfer boy is flirting with you, you better fucking flirt back.

“A lot of things.” George grinned with matching mischief. “A lot of things I want you to do to me, too.”

“Is that so?” Dream planted two hands on his surfboard, leaning over so their faces nearly touched. “Name one.”

“I wanna ride you.” Dream sputtered at that, head falling to look at the ground. George only grinned wider. “Then you pin me down and fuck me stupid.”

“*God*, you’re bold,” Dream reiterated, head snapping up to give George another look of pure arrogance. He wasn’t sure if the red on his face was a sunburn or a blush, but either way, it was a good color on him. Even through protan. “And—I like the way you think, pretty boy.”

There was no time to blink before their lips smashed together. Dream’s stance was awkward, leaned over his surfboard so their chests were forced apart, but George would take that any day of the week. He pressed forward to make up for the distance, crashing his own hips against the board, grabbing Dream’s face with two hands and shoving his lips harder against him.

Dream was unforgiving with his mouth, and George liked that. He kissed teeth-first, biting on George hard enough to leave marks, sucking on his lower lip until their mouths made lewd suction noises against the crash of the waves.

God was Dream a good kisser. George had made out with his fair share of guys in his life—especially after he got to college—but fuck, Dream had to be the best. He used his tongue well, and his lips were soft and nice and practically perfect for everything this was.

George would die if he never got more of this.

They broke off after an undetermined amount of time. George had no idea—time had completely failed to exist the moment Dream put his lips on his—but when they pulled off, he found that Dream looked hotter when his mouth was slick with spit.

Dream didn’t miss a beat, though, grabbing the whistle around George’s neck and tugging it hard enough to make the brunet stumble. “If you’re riding me, then I get to blow you.”

*Get to?* “Fuck, please.”

It managed to get hastier. George was scrambling over Dream’s board to throw himself at the blond, practically climbing him like a tree. It wasn’t until he got over the board and had his hands on Dream’s shoulders the he realized how fucking *tall* he was, tall enough to make George stand on his toes to reach his lips again.

Dream had a quick solution to that problem—grabbing the backs of George’s thighs and hauling him upward. Their lips fell apart for a moment as George yelped, but he was quick to wrap his legs around Dream’s waist and arms around his neck so he could slot their mouths back together.

Dream was kissing down his neck, sucking hickies into his throat and all George could do was take it. He dug nails into Dream’s back, making the blond groan at the tear against his sunburn, but he said nothing to make George stop. He only bit his neck harder, proving that he was really just a

teeth person, everything but drawing blood like a fucking vampire.

It wasn't until Dream's hands were on his ass that George remembered they were in public.

"Dream!" George squawked. "People can see us!"

Dream only laughed against his neck, licking a stripe up to his ear. "Yeah, and you think it's hot."

George shuddered when Dream pulled him in closer, hands unforgiving in their grip on his ass. He felt both his whistle and Dream's necklace pendant as they shoved into his chest, presumably leaving imprints on his skin.

"You'd let me bend you over and fuck you right here on the beach, wouldn't you?"

It was a harsh whisper, all rasped breath on George's ear. He dug hard enough into Dream's back to make him groan and clench his hands, pulling a high-strung whine from George's lips.

Yeah. He would let Dream do that, illegal or not. He'd only totally lose his job.

Even in desperation, George managed to tease.

"I bet you'd get on your knees and suck my dick right here if I asked nicely enough."

Dream pulled his face away from George's ear, looking straight into his eyes with that same over-confident look that made him so hot to begin with.

"Yeah? How nice, darling?"

George matched Dream's smirking look of arrogance, but only for a moment. He was quick to start batting his eyelashes, rolling his bottom lip under his teeth while he knocked his forehead into Dream's.

"Suck my cock, please?"

The way that wiped the smug grin right off Dream's face was mesmerizing. And though George wanted to steal the look and give it right back, he kept playing the innocent card. Flittered his eyelids and breathed heavy on Dream's parted lips, feeling the grip on his ass turn nails.

"Would you really let me?"

George blinked in shock, his pretty act falling helplessly to the ground. The answer was yes. He would. "Here? Now?"

"We could do it in the water. No one would see me."

*Oh god.* George actually whined at that, finally tugging that pretty smirk back over Dream's lips.

"That sounds..." George swallowed. "Dangerous."

"I can hold my breath for a really long time," Dream boasted, the lilt of tease all over his tone. "And I've done it before."

George scoffed. "Of course you have."

Dream set George down gently, one hand gripping his chin to tilt his head up. "We don't have to if you don't want to."

“Fuck do I want to.”

Dream chuckled. “Good.”

Their run to the water was hasty, bare feet slipping on sand. George caught Karl’s eye from across the beach, not missing the way he shook his head and rolled his eyes even with their distance. But he could barely pay *anything* any mind anymore, completely blinded by the grip Dream had on his wrist and the tug of his body.

He was so fucking hard. They both were, damn near obvious through swim trunks that didn’t leave enough to the imagination. George was sure that if anyone looked in their direction long enough, they’d see it. But it was all forgotten so quickly the moment saltwater was lapping up at his ankles, a cool touch against hot skin. Dream immediately turned, crashing their lips together again as he pulled George backward into the ocean.

They were both used to the bite of the sea. The unexpected cold on all their exposed skin, the sink of it as Dream tugged George in until the water hit his chest. He dug his feet into the sand so the waves wouldn’t topple him, sucked Dream’s tongue into his mouth and dropped his lips open against his.

One of Dream’s hands found George’s cock under the water, his movements slowed by the drag of the sea. But the much-needed stimulation made George moan, tugging at the blond hair that glowed so pretty in the afternoon sun, dig his toes down further into the wet sand before he crumbled.

“Fuck, Dream,” he huffed, feeling the tightness of Dream’s hand on him. “You’re gonna kill me.”

Dream chuckled, his lips sliding down to the side of George’s neck. “Yeah?”

The word was barely more than a breath, exhaled against a new red mark etched into pale skin. George whined, used the grip he had on Dream’s head to push him downward. He scarcely budged, but he laughed again—pressing another wet kiss against George’s throat.

“Impatient much?”

“People are staring,” George complained. “If you get your head under the water, maybe they’ll stop.”

Dream scoffed. “Doubt it.” But he sank to his knees anyways.

When George looked down, he could see the head of blond hair beneath the water. He kept his hold on it—still fluffy-feeling when submerged—afraid that letting go would send him tumbling under the water after Dream. And it was already strange, the drag of Dream’s arms beneath the water as he reached for George, the tug of his swimsuit until his cock slid out.

He was excruciatingly hard. And the push of the seawater against his cock was strangely desirable, though it was never something he would’ve thought of if he weren’t in the middle of experiencing it.

Unsurprisingly, the wrap of Dream’s lips around him was infinitely better.

It was suction around the head of his cock, blocking off the ocean around the rest of him. But Dream’s mouth was still slick with spit, his tongue already swirling and flicking beautifully. He moved one hand through the drag of the water to grab the base of George’s cock, sliding up to meet his lips in an equally lax movement. George gasped at the feel of it, somehow both exactly what he

expected and not what he thought at all. He bit down against his lip and watched Dream lift his head above the surface of the water, taking one gasping breath before diving back down again.

Clearly, there wasn't any time to waste. The moment Dream got his head back under he dove down again, sliding all of George's cock down his throat and managing not to gag. He moved his hand to grip George's waist, tug him closer so his feet slid against the sand. His breath shook around another moan he couldn't swallow fast enough.

"Holy shit," George cursed, eyes fluttering when Dream tightened his lips. "Dream. *Dream.*"

Dream pulled his head back, slid his tongue against the underside in tandem with his overly-tight lips, dragged off the head with intoxicating suction and popped back up above the water again. He gasped, gave George a self-satisfied grin, and he was gone again.

George dared to look back over at the beach, seeing the faint blur of Karl in the distance. Surely, he had seen them. He was even talking to that Sapnap guy, too far for George to see either of their faces. But he was quickly reminded of how little any of that mattered when Dream started moving his head, the motion as fast as he could make it beneath the water.

Dream's mouth was hot and wet and tight, and his throat managed to be better. George was digging fingertips into his scalp, twisting Dream's hair and tugging him in heavy motion down to the base of his cock. The hand on his hip gripped harder, pulled him forward so his foot slid beneath the sand, jamming his cock impossibly deeper in Dream's throat. It was absurdly difficult to swallow the sound he wanted to make, but he choked it down in stuttered breath.

Dream came up for another gasp of air, coughing on something invisible.

"Are you okay?" George's voice was pathetically breathless, one hand sliding down to caress Dream's wet cheek in his fit.

Dream cleared his throat with a nod. "More than okay, holy fuck."

His voice sounded strange and raspy, but the tone of it made George's cock jump beneath the water. He opened his mouth to say something else, but Dream was already submerged again, the hand George had on his face sliding up to the top of his head again.

Dream's mouth was so beautifully relentless. His lips were tight, and George would give anything to see how they dragged up his cock. And his tongue was practically a fantasy, a sinful but shining example of the blond's cache of experience.

"*And I've done it before.*" George could tell.

"Dream," George gasped, tugging hard on his hair. "I'm so fucking close, holy *shit.*"

Dream pulled up again, gasping for air. "In my mouth."

And he was gone again. The demand in his tone made George's eyes roll back, the return of his obscene mouth edging him closer to release. He let his hips roll slow and heavy beneath the water, let them collide with Dream's face in pathetically lax motions. And he bit his lip hard enough to bleed when he came, all the sounds he wanted to make stifled into mewls—caught behind his lips and the blood that slid down his chin.

Dream came up quickly, sputtering when he tried to swallow. George took a shaking breath, reached a hand down to tuck himself away, fell backward toward the water when Dream slammed their lips back together. The force of it came with his entire body, too, dipping George halfway

below the water and leaving everything but his face submerged.

His lips tasted like saltwater and cum. It was fucking intoxicating, the way George could taste himself and the sea they stood in. Wet, hot, and fucking *obscene*. He moaned into the kiss, let the metallic flavor of blood swirl around with cum and salted ocean. George was pitifully unstable on his feet, heels slipping against sand, threatening to send the rest of him careening backward into the water. But Dream grabbed him by the thigh, tugged their bodies flush together so he could feel the slick of his chest and the metal of his whistle.

“Fuck,” Dream huffed, sliding his tongue over George’s slick lips. “We should go somewhere else before I fuck you right here.”

George nodded, grabbed Dream by the elbow and tugged him toward the shore. Running through the water was always a lost cause, but they tried anyway. George was practically dragging the blond through the waves, pulling him until they came up on the sand and he broke out running. He lost the grip he had on Dream’s arm, but the blond didn’t stop following him.

He led him to the shack he took his breaks in, ran up the stairs in a hurry and tugged the key out from behind the whistle on his neck. He could feel the heat of Dream’s body behind him as he stumbled, felt the heavy breaths against his neck and the light hands on his shoulders.

“Am I allowed to go in there?”

George unlocked the door in haste, practically falling into the room. “No.”

Even so, neither of them protested, and Dream followed George’s stumble into the lifeguard house. He let the brunet shut and lock the door behind them, watched his heaving shoulders and flushed skin until he dropped the key back against his chest and Dream was free to slam his back against the door.

It was hotter in that too-small room. The sun streamed through the thin windows, painted Dream sickly golden in the light. George had always found him terribly attractive in the sun, but he was objectively *way* hotter when he was dragging pink lips over George’s heaving chest and dripping saltwater down sun-loved skin.

“Dream,” George gasped. “Fuck—I need to—” Dream slotted their hips together, “oh, *god*.”

Dream rolled his hips with a soft laugh, breathless through his swollen lips. He left another mark on the side of George’s neck and the brunet savored the visibility of it. He was a lifeguard, *all* of it would be visible anyways. He’d sit on top of that lifeguard tower branded with amethyst marks, catch Dream’s eye across the beach and know that he was the one who left them there. But he liked the ones high by his jaw, the ones that he’d see no matter what shirt he wore.

He grabbed Dream’s head and shoved him hard against his throat, felt the dig of his teeth that were harsh enough to make him moan. And he rolled his hips slowly again, let George feel the drag of their cocks together through soaking wet swimsuits—and George was already rock hard again.

Dream snaked a hand around George’s body to take a fistful of his ass, pulled his lower back up and off the door and his legs off the ground to hold him there against his waist. George gripped his hair tighter with a yelp, wrapped his legs around Dream’s middle, let his head fall back against the door, mouth dropped open on an unheard sound.

Dream was shoving his cock against George’s ass, letting him feel it through the too-thin swim trunks that clung to him so beautifully. He groaned on George’s neck, close enough to his ear to

make the brunet shudder, head slamming against the door again with an echoed sound.

“George,” Dream gasped, running a hand down George’s shorts to grip his skin bare. “Do you have—*fuck*.”

“No.” George grabbed at the wrist positioned behind him, tried to tug his hand up to find his lips. “It’ll be wet enough, I’ve done it before.”

Dream chuckled, let his fingers ghost against George’s chin. He pulled his head back to meet his eyes, staring into the swirl of darkness that looked back at him, clouded with heavenly lust to match the part of his pink lips.

“You have?”

“Yeah,” George huffed, the gaze of honey eyes surging him confident. “In here, thinking about you.”

It was not a lie. And the groan that came from Dream’s chest in response made him glad that it wasn’t, even if he’d spent every afterglow laid heavy with guilt.

Dream punctuated his arousal with the shove of his fingers, harsh and stabbing when they slid past his lips. George nearly gagged when three fingers entered his mouth so rudely, but he ended up whining instead—and he sucked on those fingers like his life depended on it, running his tongue between them to make sure they were slicked enough to not rip him apart.

Dream set him down slowly, carefully, forcing George to let the door take his weight as Dream crooked his fingers. He ran his touch against the underside of George’s teeth, felt his tongue chase their movement with a whine, sucking every last drop of salted flavor off the tanned skin of Dream’s hands.

“Fuck,” Dream cursed, pulling his fingers free of George’s tightened hold with an obscene *pop*. “That’s so hot to think about.”

George managed to grin. “You’re hot to think about.”

Dream smirked absurdly, the look of self-assurance absurdly hotter on his kiss-swollen lips. “You just keep going, don’t you?”

George would’ve replied if there wasn’t a spit-slick finger prodding at his hole, forcing his knees to buckle and his back to slide against the door. He gripped at Dream’s biceps, pressed back against the intrusion with a whine, feeling him circle his rim teasingly—just edged away enough to prevent anything from actually slipping in.

The whimper that dropped from George’s lips showed his disapproval, feet sliding away from him on the hardwood floor. Dream finally moved to pick him up, carrying him over to the couch in the corner of the room. Instead of laying him there like George had expected, he bent George over the armrest and tugged his shorts down to the floor, water-logged nylon falling with a heavy sound.

George squeaked at the thought of how exposed he was, moved an instinctive leg to kick Dream away—but it all fell apart the moment a touch came back to his hole. He deflated against the armrest, sank his face into the cushions as Dream pressed the tip of his finger in, circling around in the tightness with a groan.

George’s breath caught in his throat, hips pressing back against the intrusion. He heard another heavy sound behind him, heard the slide of wet fabric against hardwood. Then Dream spit in his

hand, and George could hear the slide of skin-on-skin—the slide of Dream’s hand against his cock as he pressed his finger down to the second knuckle.

It was impossible for George to not look over his shoulder. Impossible to stop the crane of his neck, catching a glimpse at Dream’s newly naked form hovering above him, his hand quick against his cock. *Fuck*, his cock.

George mewled at the sight of it. Dream’s eyes shifted upward to meet George’s, that self-satisfied smirk still dancing on his lips.

“Yeah?”

George sputtered, choked on a responding “*yeah*” and dropped his head back down against the cushions. He pressed up on his tiptoes, grinding back against Dream’s finger with another pathetic whimper. He’d always been eager, he’d been eager for Dream to do *something* filthy to him for what felt like forever—but he was even more pathetically desperate now that he’d caught sight of him.

And he was being so *careful*. George appreciated the care behind the twist of his finger, but that wasn’t the way he liked it. And whining into the couch wasn’t getting him what he wanted, so he cut his losses and picked his head up again, glazing his eyes over Dream’s still-dripping form behind him.

“C’mon, I can take more,” he pleaded. “I fuck myself open all the time, *please*.”

Dream grunted, finally driving his finger harder into George. “You want another finger?”

George whined in agreement, head falling heavy against the couch again. He let his cheek press against the cushion, eyes catching on the window across from him. Slim and high on the wall, not large enough to catch a glimpse at the filthy sight from the other side.

But even if someone *could* see them, that wouldn’t have stopped George.

Wouldn’t have stopped Dream, either. He was sliding two of his fingers into George’s hole, savoring just how tight he was around the digits and how desperate he was to suck them in. His noises—no longer muffled by a buried face—were nearly too much to handle. Dream squeezed at the base of his cock in haste, forced himself to drop the hand away with a shaky breath and grip at George’s ass instead.

He tugged at him, spreading him out farther so he could see the grip he had on his fingers better. It was fucking obscene, dripping with spit around tanned digits and grinding his hips back against him. Dream was breathing heavy and shaken, twisting and scissoring two fingers inside of George and seeing how many pretty noises he could pull from his lips.

Dream’s fingers were so much bigger than George’s. It made him desperate, feeling the difference in the way his were both thicker and longer than George’s. He was all-too used to opening himself up, left desperate and mewling beneath the stretch of Dream, pathetically in want of his cock.

“*Fuck*, Dream, hurry up—I want it.”

Dream managed to laugh at how pathetic he was, at how desperate and wanting his words were. He twisted his fingers harshly in one last thrust, reeled them back to press his ring finger in alongside the others.

“You still wanna ride me, baby?” Dream’s teases had fallen breathless. “Or are you too desperate

for that now?"

George kicked his foot against the couch, moaning wantonly at the new stretch of three fingers. "No, wanna ride your cock, *please.*"

Dream laughed, the sound of it equally as desperate as all the words he'd spoken. He crooked his fingers up and ghosted them against George's prostate, drunk on the way it made the brunet's thighs shake to match the stuttered moan on his lips.

George was all-too close to moaning out a plea for *more* when Dream pulled his fingers out. Tapped his hand against George's ass in a strange inbetween of harsh and light.

Dream paced around to the side of the couch, dropped himself against the opposing armrest with a groan. He was spread out and lewd, leaving George to stare unapologetically at every last inch of exposed skin—now shined with a new layer of sweat. He looked like the sun under the light from the windows. George was crawling into his lap before he could think.

But Dream pressed a hand to his chest. "Ah," he tutted disapprovingly, the smirk on his face terribly arrogant. "Wet my cock first, baby."

The lack of hesitation in George's motion nearly startled him. But he'd dropped his head down between Dream's legs in seconds, sliding his mouth down as far as he could get it. He reveled in the way Dream moaned, hands in his hair already tugging. George tightened his lips, slid down until he gagged. He pulled up quickly, swirling his tongue around the head before gasping on an empty mouth, meeting Dream's wicked eyes above him.

"C'mon," Dream taunted. "If you don't get me wet, I'll hurt you."

So he dove in again. Made his mouth slick and wet, let every drop of spit coat Dream's cock in a filthy mess. George was almost glad they didn't have lube. This managed to be impossibly hotter, and he was already shaking at the thought of Dream fucking him with his spit-slicked cock.

He may have gotten a little caught up. He'd let his eyes flutter shut, lips dragging against Dream in a newfound mix of light and heavy—drooling pathetically over the leaking tip until Dream was moaning. He tapped on George's cheek with his hand, shifted his head against his cock when George whined on it, but he didn't budge.

"Baby." George was never going to get tired of that name, not when it was gasped like that in Dream's voice. "If you don't stop, 'm gonna cum."

George made that his mission. Made his mouth wetter and tighter, whined higher around the stretch of his lips and slammed his head down as far as he could get it. With a stinging tug on George's hair, Dream was coming. He groaned and spilled into George's mouth, but the brunet didn't swallow.

He met Dream's lidded eyes when he looked down at him, chest heaving at the trail of spit still connecting them. George smiled, dropped his lips open and spit Dream's release back over him, using one hand to stroke it over his cock in the mix of spit. Dream sputtered, grabbing the hand George had on him and tugging him faster.

"Holy fuck," Dream cursed. "Get on me, fuck, *get on me.*"

George didn't need to be told twice. He was already crawling in stumble up into Dream's lap, positioning himself over his cock. In the back of George's mind, he screamed that he wasn't stretched enough. That a mix of spit and cum wasn't sufficient lube, that he was about to tear

himself apart.

But patience was a virtue that George had never had, and he only got worse when he was turned on. When he was staring right at the hottest fucking guy on the planet, eyes wide and hands on his hips, the bite of his lip a visible restraint from just tugging George down on him.

George reached behind himself to grab Dream's cock, finding it more sticky than slick. But he sank himself down on it anyways, felt the stretch instantaneously and he was already moaning. The hand on Dream's shoulder dug nails into his skin, his hips stuttering in an attempt to drop himself against Dream's hips—Dream, who was also digging nails into George's skin, carving pretty crescents into the sides of his thighs.

“God,” Dream huffed, his hips thrusting up just enough to make George whine. “You’re so fucking tight, holy *shit*.”

George choked on a moan, sinking down the rest of the way so he was sitting in Dream's lap. He let both of his hands fall to Dream's shoulders, let the nails crawl their way under his skin as their foreheads clashed together. George's mouth was dropped open on heaving breaths, mixing with Dream's stuttered inhales through parted lips. His hips jerked, and George could feel the movement inside him enough to whimper.

“‘M so full,’ he whined.

Dream rubbed circles into George's hips with his thumbs, lips ghosting over the brunet's jaw. The occasional jerk of his hips would bounce George's body in his lap, shift his jaw further from Dream's lips for a second only to fall back down against him. George was all shuddered breaths, hyper-aware of the way Dream's cock would scarcely miss his prostate with every motion.

Then Dream stopped. George whined pathetically, feeling the grin on Dream's lips as his head fell away.

“C'mon, baby,” Dream cooed, tugging on George's hips. “You said you'd ride me.”

George took another breath, leaning back so he could look at Dream properly. Were he not so turned on, George may have punched him. Wiped that self-assured smirk right off his pretty lips, cursed him for stopping to lay limp under George until he did the work himself.

But it was really, *really* hot. Dream's voice was low and teasing, his once gentle hands turning harsh at George's waist. He tugged him up a half inch for encouragement, dropping him down and letting gravity pull his hips flush with Dream's thighs again.

George whined and kept moving. Gripped at the back of Dream's neck, sliding up on his cock and falling back down again. His mouth was fallen open, gasping on whined-out moans that Dream could feel against his lips. He felt them until George's head lolled back, his pace increasing as his motions turned impossible desperate, every motion clouded with haste as his skin kept hitting against Dream's.

The sound was obscene. It filled the stupid lifeguard house and echoed off the walls, and George had never been more grateful for a locked door. Though if someone did walk in, his only qualm would be with the loss of his job. He didn't care if anyone saw him fucking himself desperately on Dream's cock, moaning with abandon at the ceiling under Dream's hip-bruising grip.

George looked so pretty like this. Flushed, sweaty, loud. Dream was sure he'd never get enough of the boy on top of him. He was already picturing him in a thousand different ways, a thousand

different places. He loathed his distractible mind—George was *right in front of him*, all pretty and desperate. He was trying to lift his hips as far as he could muster, sliding down against as much of Dream's cock as humanly possible.

When his chin dropped back against his chest, Dream nearly short-circuited.

It filled his vision with a fucked-out face, completely wrecked and they were barely anywhere yet. He groaned, rolled his hips up to meet one of George's motions, watched his face twist when he moaned out louder than he had this whole time.

“Right there, Dream, *fuck!*”

Dream only smirked through his own pathetic noises, dug fingertips and blunt nails into the plush skin of George's thighs. He stilled his hips. George's eyes watered.

“Fucking work for my cock, baby,” Dream huffed. “Show me how bad you want it.”

George obliged with only a whine of protest. Raked his nails down Dream's back, shifted his angle so he'd spear his own prostate with every fall. He could feel the slick blood beneath his fingers on Dream's back, but the blond was more than willing to take it. His mouth was already watering at the thought of those scratches being filled with saltwater, an insatiable sting down the wounds a hellishly perfect reminder of this moment.

His key and whistle hit against his chest with every motion, slamming his sternum harsh with metal. It wasn't enough of a bother for him to do anything about it, if anything it was a twisted reminder of where he was doing this—in the break room he used with all his coworkers, fucking himself down on a near-stranger's cock on a couch he'd seen his roommate sleep on.

Hands twisted up shoulders, nails scraped down Dream's front as George fell forward, pinning his own wrists between their bodies and losing the roll of his hips. He babbled a mess of *please* into Dream's ear, face and lips slick against a sunburnt shoulder.

Dream slid his hands around George's waist and turned them over, bent George's knees to pin his thighs against his stomach and wasted no time to start fucking into him. The harsh collision of their skin only got filthier, mixed with slick-wet noises of cum and spit in hasty lubricant, dripping out of George and onto the couch.

George screamed. It might've been a cause for concern under any other circumstance, but when Dream was fucking him silly into the cushions it was far more hot. It was Dream sitting up on his knees, large hands swallowing bruised hips so he could tug George down against his cock, practically manhandling him like a doll.

It was pretty tear-tracks down flushed cheeks. Hair sticking to George's forehead in a sweaty mess, drool mixing with salted tears that clumped his eyelashes darker. His hands had fallen above his head uselessly, only managing to grip the armrest behind him for a second before the fell completely limp.

“So fucking pretty,” he groaned, collapsing onto his forearms and caging George in with his body. “I'm so close, George.”

“Inside me,” George managed through heaving breaths. “Fill me, fill me, *fuck Dream, please.*”

With a pitiful moan, Dream fulfilled his breathless pleas. He let his release mix with the cum already covering him, fucking it deep into George in a way that'd make him feel it. And George's thighs shook against him, and all Dream had to do was lay a finger on his aching cock before he

was spilling white all over the both of them.

Dream tried his best to fuck George through the orgasm, but his hips were stuttering in exhausted failure, body going limp until he fell against George. His own arms took the front of his weight, barely saving the brunet from being crushed against the couch. Their position did serve to press both a heated metal whistle and a smiley pendant between them, but neither of them paid that much mind.

He dropped one sore leg down off the couch, squirmed beneath Dream until he muttered an apology and sat up. He pulled out slowly, the drag of his cock against George's sore rim enough to make him whine.

Then Dream sat there. Stared wistfully at everything that dripped out of George's hole, staining a couch that belonged to neither of them sick with his release. He tried to press it back in, but the mewls on George's lips made him freeze. George was shaking under his grip, eyes half-open and caught on Dream, his sweat-shined form absurdly hot in the given scenario.

"We should clean up."

Dream was too nice through the whole process, all soft words in George's ear and calm praises about how good he was. George tried to brush him off, tried to stop the pink of his cheeks from being so visible as Dream wiped them both down with a towel.

George left the door open when the two of them went running back to the water, immediately soaking their sweaty bodies in the cool seawater, stumbling against the sand and falling into each other with laughter. They kissed each other stupid, flavored salty with seawater and sweet with sunshine.

Karl was ruthless when George came back to the apartment. George was surprised he hadn't lost his job. And though he and Dream kept up their pathetic stumbling all summer, George managed to keep his position. They opted to stay out of the lifeguard house to remain on the safe side, managing to get themselves back to Dream's apartment more often than not.

Dream tasted exactly like a Florida summer, and George would never get enough of it. Not even when they both moved out of Miami after college, finding comfort in the other's arms. It was sweet to be in the presence of the other through the rest of university and beyond, to take Dream across the Atlantic and force him to meet all of George's relatives.

They lied to everyone about how they got together. The true story was not the one they planned to tell their kids.

## End Notes

i've never written an underwater bj before so uh,, yeah  
sorry if it made no sense i tried real hard lol

here is my [twitter](#) :]

